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for two thousand pounds, and given by him to the Duchess of Portsmouth, who presented it to the grandmother of Colonel Talbot.

The distinguished line of the house of Talbot, long settled at Malahide, is said to be descended from the eldest branch of the family; and with the Talbots of Yorkshire, derives from Sir Geoffrey, who was governor of Hereford for the Empress Maud, in opposition to King Stephen.—St. Lawrence of Howth, and Talbot of Malahide, are the only families in the county of Dublin, who retain the possessions of their ancestors, acquired at the English invasion.

Among the memorable circumstances connected with the annals of this castle, may be mentioned a lamentable instance of the ferocity with which party rivalry was conducted, in ages during which the internal polity of Ireland was injuriously neglected by the supreme head of the government. On Whitsun-eve, in the year 1329, John de Birmingham, Earl of Louth, Richard Talbot, styled Lord Malahide, and many of their kindred, together with sixty of their English followers, were slain in a pitched battle at Balbriggan, by the Anglo-Norman faction of the de Verdons, de Gernous, and Savages: the cause of animosity being the election of the earl to the palatine dignity of Louth, the county of the latter party.

It is believed that Oliver Cromwell took up his abode a short time at Malahide; and it is known that Mylo Corbet, the regicide, resided here for several years; and from this port, when outlawed at the restoration, Corbet took shipping for the Continent. The subsequent expiation of his errors by a degrading death is well known; and shortly after his flight from Malahide, the Talbot family regained possession of their estate.

Malahide is a lordship or manor, having courts *leet* and *baron*; and has belonged in fee to the Talbot family from a period very closely approaching to the Anglo-Norman invasion in the time of Henry the Second. R. A.

#### THE RESURRECTIONS OF BARNEY BRADLEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY."

*Abridged from the Dublin University Magazine for February.*

It affords us sincere gratification to find that a task has at length been accomplished, which, until an actual demonstration had been afforded us, we are free to admit we considered impossible, namely, at the present day to establish a respectable literary periodical in Ireland; so many efforts to effect the desirable object had failed, and this even where the interests of the trade were concerned, and where able writers had been engaged, that we had looked upon any attempt of the kind as "a forlorn hope." We have referred to this subject in a foregoing column, and would now merely observe that it reflects no little credit on the editor and the spirited publishers of "The Dublin University Magazine," that they have been able, in the face of so many obstacles and hindrances, as we know from experience, must have barred their way, to establish their periodical on such a firm footing as to give the fullest assurance of its ultimate permanency. We speak not of its party or its politics, but of its literary excellence; and in this point of view have no hesitation in pronouncing it highly creditable to Ireland, and far superior in interest and information to two thirds of the periodicals of a similar description in England and Scotland. The story which we have abridged for our present number, is from the pen of the talented author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry;"\* and though we esteem it inferior to the great proportion of his other writings, still we can by no means agree with those who consider it altogether unworthy of Mr. Carleton's pen. There is a fault in nearly all of his productions—a waste of words in description—and in many instances overdoing the work by making too much

of a trivial incident. These faults are very perceptible in the story before us, and we think it will be allowed to be much improved by the pruning we have given it in copying.

There are few villages in Ireland that do not contain such a character as Barney Bradley, and every one of them is famous for anecdote or story telling. Barney, though no barber either by education or profession, carried such a smooth hand at the razor, that his house was crowded every Sunday morning with his village friends, from whose faces he reaped with the greatest dexterity their week's crop of beard. Within the bounds of his own parish he was a well known man; and in his own village the best authority under the sun upon any given subject. His cabin stood in the very centre of the hamlet, a perfect pattern of houses inhabited by men who hate work, and scorn comfort. When you came close to the house, you might hear the peals of laughter ringing from within, and among all the voices Barney's was by far the most audible; for be it known to you that he always laughed longest and loudest at his own jokes. Barney never loved what is termed spade-work, nor agricultural labour of any kind; but devoted himself on the contrary to the lighter employments of life.

Barney not only shaved his neighbours gratuitously, but bled them also, whenever they required it, or rather whenever he himself thought it necessary. He was, in fact, a perfect Sangrado, with this difference, that he recommended burnt whiskey instead of water. It were to be wished, indeed, that every medical man, now a-days, would imitate him, and take his own prescription as Barney did; for then a patient could put confidence in his doctor. Barney charged half a crown per head for bleeding; and let it be mentioned to his credit, that his parish was the best bled parish in Europe. He had a three-fold system of treating every possible complaint under heaven; he bled, as we have said, administered glauber salts upon a fearful scale, and then prescribed burnt whiskey. To be sure, he frequently inverted the order of his recipes.—Sometimes, for instance, he bled and medicined them first, and afterwards administered the whiskey; and sometimes, on the contrary, he administered the whiskey, and then bled and medicined them. It mattered not what the complaint was, Barney scorned to alter his treatment, except as to the order in which he applied it, or to give up one atom of his judgment touching the virtue of his tripartite theory, which was, in the mean time, dreadfully practical to his patients.

Still Barney was a great favourite with the whole parish. If he fought with a man to-day, he treated him to-morrow, which was surely a proof that his heart retained no malice. If he drank too much to-day, why he atoned for that by drinking as soon as possible after he had got sober, to show that he entertained no spite against the whiskey.

relative to an individual in London, whose brain (as it appeared from a coroner's jury) had been so turned as to cause his death, in consequence of his being elected to some post of honor in the Trades' Political Union, we should have felt disposed to copy a page from a letter of a celebrated writer in the Magazine, relative to the superiority of the description given by the author of "Traits and Stories," over every other writer of Irish life. We believe we were the first to express our opinion of his story of "Tubber Derg," when it appeared as the "Landlord and Tenant." We pronounced it decidedly the most effective and affecting story Mr. Carleton had ever written, and we are glad to find our opinion borne out by public opinion generally, and more especially by the able writer in the letters to which we allude. Having said so much, it is but fair to give an extract from the article referred to.

"In the power to sound every note in the character of his countrymen, in accurate knowledge of their condition, in the boldness and industry with which he appears to have explored the more remote and hidden causes of their miseries and crimes, in the singular tact and discrimination with which he has threaded the perilous mazes of party and faction, and the clearness and force with which he exhibits the result of these anxious and important inquiries, Carleton's 'Traits and Stories' seem to me unrivalled and unapproached."

\* We are always disposed to give "the Devil his due," and but for an unlucky paragraph which we had just noticed,

He was, from the nature of his pursuits, a wandering character; to-day at one extremity of the parish, strapping a razor; to-morrow, at the other, bleeding a friend, or doctoring his horse, perhaps both. Of course, no man was more visible. Wherever you went you met him. Any odd sight that was to be seen in the country side, he saw it—at least he always said so. Any strange story that was to be heard, he heard it. He was an eye-witness of all fights, cock-fights, still huntings, fox-chases, weddings, drivings, auctions, and all the other great little events that keep parish rumour afloat. Neither was any man more ready to take a part in a passing spree, than Barney; for which reason he has often come home to the wife in rather a queer condition. Many a drubbing has he got at the hands of his own patients; and many a drubbing, on the contrary, have they received at his.

Barney was one of those men whose ruling passion still is strong in drink; and, of course, whenever he was tipsy, he could not sit five minutes in any man's company without taking out the lancet, and feeling his pulse. It was then, a little after four o'clock, that, on going somewhat unsteadily up the street of Ballykippeen, he met a large, comfortable, corpulent farmer, called Andy Murtagh.

"Andy," says Barney, "how goes it?"

"Why, Barney, man alive—no but Doethor—or, I b'lieve surgin's betther—why surgin Bradley, how is every inch of you, not forgetthin' your lances?"

"Faith the ould cut, Andy;—still mixin' the *utyle* an' the *dulse*: did you hear the cure I made on Darby M'Fudge?"

"No, Barney—I did not; let us hear it.—But what do you manby the *yew*—*yewt*—Phoo! what the dickens do you call it? I suppose it manes the whiskey an' wather: am I at it Barney?"

"Faith you opened the right vein there, any how—divil a nater explanation could be put to it. But, Andy, did ever any man livin' remember such unhealthy weather? Begad it's a killin' sason, the Lord be praised!"

"Killin'!—why it's the healthiest sason, Barney, widin' memory, instead of that."

"Andy you have but one failin'—you'd contradict St. Pether if he said the same thing. I tell you *it is* an unhealthy time, an' that if the people don't take warnin' they'll die in scores like rotten sheep. What does Jack Simpson's weather-glass say? 'For the next three months there's to be a mortal number of deaths.'"

"An' I contradict the weather-glass, too, Barney."

"Why, do you mane to say that you're well yourself at present?"

"Faith, I'll swear it, Barney, in spite of you an' all the weather-glasses in Europe."

"Then sorra a worse sign could be about you than that same. It's always the fore-runner of ill health. Sure you never heard of a man bein' sick yet, that his health wasn't good before it."

"Barney, how is your ould patient, Darby M'Fudge?—Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, come, man, don't be a coward; I tell you, your nose is a little to the one side, an' that's another sign. There's a complaint, Andy, that twists the half of a man's face toards the left ear; an' nothin' cures it but flaybottomry. Divil a thing. Now don't be an ass, Andy; you know as well as I do that you're out of ordher. You're unwell; that's the short an' the long of it."

"Unwell! why what'd ail me? Sure you see nothin' wrong wid me?"

"I'll tell you what, Andy—as sure as you're stan'in' there, you want flaybottomry. All the blood in your body's in your face this minnit. But asy; let me feel your pulse. Oh tundher an' turf! you're—you're—Andy, folly me. It's nothin' else than a downright blessin' that I met you."

The good natured farmer had not time to resist him, so without saying a word, Barney led him across the street into a back yard, where, after planting him in a stable, he proceeded with his dialogue.

"Now, Andy, be a man, an' don't fear a drop o' blood; have you half-a-crown about you?"

"For what, Barney?"

"Because, if you have, better laid out money never left

your pocket; I'll save your life—not that I want to alarm you—all I say is, that you're widin a turn of havin' a fit of perplexity—sorra a less it is!"

"A fit o' perplexity! why, if that's a complaint, I've had it often in my day, Barney."

"A fit o' perplexity, Andy, is what they call the knock-down complaint."

"Troth, surgin, an' I have both got an' gave the same complaint in my time," said the stout farmer, laughing.—"I tell you, Barney, I've given many a man the falling sickness afore now, an' that's well known. Are they related!"

"They're consin-jarmins, any how, man alive—if you go to that. But this perplexity you see is—"

"Look to yourself, Barney—If ever a man had an appearance of it, you have. You're black in the face this minit, an' your two eyes is set in your head."

"Why, man," said Barney, "your pulse is fifty-six, that's six more than the half hundred—strip immediatly, or I'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"How could you bleed me here, you nager?"

"Right well: I have the ribbon and everythin'—as for a plate we don't want it. I'll bleed you with your face to the wall."

"Well, come, hit or miss, I can't be much the worse of it, so I don't care if I lose a thrille: I think I *do* want to get rid of some of it—I always bleed in May, any how."

He stripped, and in a short time Barney had the blood spinning out of his arm against the stable wall, to his own manifest delight, and not much to the dissatisfaction of honest Andy Murtagh. It might be an hour after this, that the attention of the crowd was directed to a fight between two men opposite the public-house to which the stable, wherein Andy had been phlebotomized, was attached. One of them was evidently in a state of intoxication, and the other had only the use of one arm; but as he appeared, by the dexterity with which he handled his cudgel to be left-handed, or *kit/hogue*, this circumstance was not such a disadvantage as might be supposed. The fight lasted but a short time, for the more drunken of the two received a blow which laid him senseless on the street.

Our reader need scarcely be told that this was Barney and his patient. The former, on receiving his half-crown, insisted on giving Andy a treat, at which some dispute arose that caused the keeper of the public-house to put them both out into the street. Here they fought, and the result is known. We cannot at present trace him further: but we must request our kind readers to accompany us to the head inn of the town, where with the apothecary and doctor, the county coroner, a vulgar man who loved his glass, was seated at lunch, or dinner if you will, upon a cold turkey and ham, both of which they washed down with indifferent port. The coroner was in the act of putting the glass to his lips, when the door opened, and two men in evident distress and alarm soon entered.

"What's the matter?" said the coroner, laying down the glass; "you look as if you were—were—ch? what do you want?"

"We want you, Sir, if you please."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"One Barney Bradley, Sir, that was *kilt*."

"Kilt! by whom was he kilt?"

"By one Andy Murtagh, Sir, that hot him a *pollhogue* on the skull, Sir, and kilt him."

"Right—right," said the coroner—"all fair: gentlemen you will have the goodness to come along *wid* me, till we sit upon the corpse. Your opinions may be necessary, and I shall order the wather to keep the lunch safe till we dispatch this business. Between you and me, I'm not sorry that that fellow's done for. The confounded scrub has bled me out of business—ha! ha! ha!"

"On arriving at the public-house they found considerable difficulty in making way to the room in which Barney lay. The coroner's name, however, was an *open sesame* to the party, who in a few minutes found themselves ready, as the coroner said, to "enter upon business." After having surveyed the corpse, the judge of the dead requested his medical friends to try if any symptoms of life remained. The doctor consequently felt his pulse, and shook his head.

"Ah," said he, "it's all over with him!"

The apothecary looked into his face—"Ay!" he exclaimed, "it is so, but isn't that a villainous expression of countenance? That man, doctor—that man, Sir, had—a—a—that is, independently of the violent mode of his death—had—I think, the germs, doctor, the germs—or seed of death within him. Am I right, Sir?"

"You are positively right, Sir. The man would have died most decidedly, especially when we consider that—"

"Gentlemen," observed the coroner, "it doesn't signify a horse-nail how or when he might have died. The man is dead now, and that's enough—or rather he was *kilt* by a blow on the scone; so our best and only plan, you persave, is to swear a jury to thry the merits of the case. And, gentlemen, I'll take it as a particular *fever*, if you will have the civility to make no reflections upon the corpse, for every such reflection, gentlemen, is unbecoming, and dangerous, according to the present law of libel, and an extenuation probably against myself. Let *day mortis n' neesy boreum* be our rule in this unhappy case—hem!"

The worthy coroner immediately swore a jury, after which they proceeded to find a verdict in the following manner:

"Gentlemen, are you all sworn?"

"We're all sworn, Mr. Casey."

"Waither," he shouted, "I'll throuble you to bring me a tumbler of cowl'd water, with a naggin of whiskey in it. There's the mischief's *dreuth* about me to-day, boys; upon my honour there is—owing to the *hate* of the room and the hot weather."

"Troth," said the foreman, "myself is just as if I was ather bein' pulled out o' the river, with prospiration, I'm so dhry. Blood alive, Mr. Casey, don't forget *us*!"

"What! a naggin a man! No, indeed; let it be a glass apiece, and I don't care. Waither!"

The waiter appeared.

"Bring up twelve glasses of whiskey, and be quick, for I'm in a great hurry."

The coroner, when the whiskey arrived, took off his grog, and the treat to the jury also soon began to disappear.

"Mister Casey," said the foreman, with a shrewd face, "here's wishin' your health, and success to you, Sir, in your occupation!"

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Foreman. Now let us proceed to call the witnesses—capital whiskey that, for public-house whiskey: gintlemen," added he to the bystanders—"if there's any of you competent to give evidence in this unfortunate affair, we are ready to hear you. Does any of you know how the diseased came by his death?"

"I'm his cousin, Misther Casey," said a man coming forward.

"But what do you know of his death?" inquired Mr. Casey.

"Oh, not a haporth, good or bad, barrin' that he's dead, poor fellow," replied the man.

Several persons now advanced, who declared that they were competent to give testimony touching the manner and cause of his death. One man was sworn, and thus, replied to the jury:

Foreman—"What do you know about this business Mickey?"

"Why, I seen Andy Murtagh there givin' him the lick on the head that kilt him: an' I say it's neither fair nor honest for Andy to be *jury* upon the man that he *done for*."

This was like a thunderstroke to the coroner, who, by the way, our readers may have perceived, was at the time none of the soberest. Instead of being angry, however, it affected him with uncontrollable mirth; and as a feather will often turn the feelings of an Irish crowd either one way or the other, so did Andy's manœuvre and the coroner's example produce loud laughter among all present, especially among the jurors themselves, except of course, the friends of the deceased.

"Murtagh," said the coroner, "sorra a thing you are but a common skamer, to make such an ass of me, and corpse, and jury, and all, by such villainous connivance.

You're at least a homicide, Andy; and to think of our bringin' in a verjick, and one of the jury an outlaw, would mutilate the whole proceedings. Only, for the humour of the thing, upon my honour and sowl, I'd not scruple a thravneen to commit you for contempt of court, you imposther."

"Faith, Sir," said Murtagh, "I thought I had as good a right to be on the jury as any other, in regard that I knew most about it. I'll make a good witness, any how."

"Get out, you nager," said the coroner; "I'll lay you by the heels before night place God. Gintlemen, hold him tight till we return our verjick."

"I'll give you my book oath," replied Murtagh, "that the man was walkin' about as well as ever he was, long after his scrimmage wid me. Ay, an' I can prove it.—There's Dick Moran he knows it."

Dick was sworn and examined by the foreman.

"Dick," said the foreman, who was a process-server, and who, moreover, considered himself no bad authority as a lawyer, an opinion which caused him to keep a strict eye upon the practice of the courts.

"Dick, what's your name?"

"Dick, what's your name!" replied Dick, with a grin: be my faith, that's aquil to "Paddy, is this you?" when you meet a man!"

"You must answer him," said the coroner, "the question is strictly legal."

"It is," said the foreman, in high dudgeon—"it is strictly legal; an' I say agin, Dick Moran, what's your name?"

Dick raised his eye-brows, and after giving a look of good humoured astonishment and contempt at the foreman, gravely replied, "my name, is id? why, Paddy Baxther."

"This excited considerable mirth; but the coroner began to get exasperated at what he looked upon as an insult to his authority.

"That's not to the purpose, at all at all," observed the coroner; "sorra a verjick we'll get to-night at this rate."

"Sir," said the foreman, "you ought to have a crier to keep order in the court. That blaggard should be put out."

"I'll tell you what it is," said the choleric coroner, addressing Darby, "if you're not off before we find our verjick, upon my *secret* honour, I'll kick you from this to the court-house above, and lay you by the heels there afterwards."

"You'll kick me is id? A pair of us can play at that game, Misther Casey. Did you ever hear what profound intherest is? I tell you, if you rise your hand or foot to me, you'll get that same. To the mischief with all upstarts."

The coroner, who was a noted pugilist, sent in a body blow that laid Darby horizontal in a moment. Darby, however, had friends on his own part, as well as on behalf of Barney, who were not at all disposed to see him ill-treated by a man in office.

"Down wid the rascal!" they shouted, closing immediately about the coroner, "down wid him! he's a government man, any how, an' a spy, maybe, into the bargain.—Down wid him!"

"Come on, you rascals!" shouted the coroner, "my jury and I against any baker's dozen of you. Gintlemen of the jury, stand to me, and we'll clear the house. Come, boys—come, gentlemen—fight like men. We can bring in our verjick afterwards."

"Honour bright, Mr. Casey," responded the jury, we'll back you, Sir, every man of us. To the mischief wid the verjick, till after our spree's over."

The friends of the jurors also took the part of the coroner, as did many others present, for the man's propensity to fighting had made him popular; so that, in point of fact, the numbers were pretty equal on both sides. A rich scene ensued. In a moment, the whole room exhibited such a picture of riot and uproar, as could scarcely be conceived. The coroner and his jury certainly did fight like men, and they were every whit as manfully opposed. All were thumping, knocking down, pulling, dragging, wrestling, and shouting. Crash went a chair—smash

went a window or a table—down went a man here—up sprung another there—a third was heard in this corner—a shout in that. Sometimes they appeared detached into small groups; again they seemed like a ravelled hank, matted into one mass of inextricable confusion. The doctor and apothecary got first an odd thump, *en passant* in compliment to the coroner: by-and bye they were sucked, sorely against their wills, into the vortex of the fight; and ere it was half over, they might be seen amongst the thickest of the fray, giving and receiving, according to their ability on each side. The fight might now be at its hottest, when two men were seen engaged in a bitter struggle near the window, one of whom was the coroner, and the second, to the inexpressible astonishment of all present, no other than the subject of the inquest, Barney Bradley himself. In a moment, what between surprise and mirth, there was an immediate cessation of hostilities among all the belligerents, with the exception of the coroner and Barney, Darby M'Fudge and the foreman, who so far as exhaustion permitted them, laid in the blows with great vigour. It was impossible to say on which of their heads victory might have alighted; for, however amusing their contest appeared to the wondering and excited by-standers, the latter deemed it proper to separate Barney and the coroner, for the ludicrous purpose of giving that gentleman an opportunity of recognising his antagonist. The foreman, who had already been sufficiently well drubbed, felt no wish for a more lengthened battle; and the two medical gentlemen stood as if thunderstruck at the activity of the *corps*! When the four were separated, it is utterly impossible to describe what ensued, so as to retain any portion of the mingled mirth and amazement of the whole crowd.

"Eh!" exclaimed the coroner—"what! why! is it—eh?—is it the—it is—as sure as the sky is above us, it's the rascal that was kilt!—the dead vagabond we had the inquest over!"

This was replied to by a thundering uproar of laughter, in which, however, neither the coroner nor his medical friends felt any inclination to join.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now, gentlemen, let us resume proceedings. Barney, as I consider you the most important evidence, we shall begin wid yourself."

"Wid all my heart, Sir; ha! ha! ha! Bud, wid permission, Misther Casey, are you unwell, Sir?"

"Not I—I'm in excellent health."

"Troth, then, wid great respect, you're no sich thing, Sir. There's not a man in Ireland wants flaybottomry more than you do."

"Why, Sir, you have too much blood in you entirely. Your nose, Sir, is twisted a little to the one side too, an' be gorra that's another sign."

"Come, come, man—my nose! Asy Barney, you know how *that* can be accounted for. On the other point you're right enough. Maybe I have more blood than I want sartainly."

"Sir," if you take my advice, you'll lose some immediately. I'll spin it out o' you while you'd say Jack Robisson."

The audience were exceedingly grave here. Not the least symptom of a smile appeared on a single face. On the contrary, they looked at the coroner with an alarm which the rascals succeeded in making more impressive by their feigned attempts to conceal it. At length one of them said in a very solemn voice,

"Misther Casey, Barney's right, Sir. Something is wrong wid you, whatever it is, for there's a great change in your face since you came into the house."

"Tut, it can't be, but if I thought—"

"The safest way, Sir, is to be sure and lose the blood; Barney's the very boy that can breathe a vein in style."

"Where are the other medical gentlemen?" said the coroner. "Why, they are gone! However I don't wonder at it, after what they *got*."

"Waither," shouted Barney, "bring up a basin, poor Mr. Casey's not well. Why, Sir, you're changin' for the worse in your looks every minute. Not a word I'll hear, Sir, nor a blessed syllable of evidence I'll give to-day barrin' you take care of your health."

"Gintlemen of the jury, do you think I want to lose blood?"

"Bedad, Sir, there's a terrible change on you: why you're black undher *both* eyes. You must have got some hurt, Sir, inwardly, durin' the row."

"Faith and there may be something in that sure enough. Come, Barney, set to work. It can do no harm at all events."

Barney, now in his glory, stripped the coroner, and in two minutes had a full tide of blood rushing from his arm, into a large wash-hand basin, the bottom of which could not be covered by less than thirty ounces of blood.

"Now, Mr. Casey, don't you feel asier?"

"I do, Barney, but cursedly wake. Stop man, you have taken enough, five times over; do you intend to *fill*—the—basin? Stay!—my sight's going—I'm getting—"

Forty-eight ounces of blood would be apt to make any man weak. The worthy coroner could go no farther, and in a moment he lay at full length, in a swinging faint.

It was now, when he could not hear them, that their mirth became loud and excessive. Barney, in the mean time, tied up his arm.

"The mischief fly away wid you, Barney, but you're able to walk widout bein' led, anyhow, you bird o' grace!"

"Whisth wid yees," replied Bradley; "we'll be up to him. Let us sit an' hould an inquist an himself, before he comes to—that won't be these ten good minutes to come."

"Oh! consumin' to the hettther. Here you rap of a pross sarver—you must be the crowner; an' as you'd do nuttin for nuttin, we'll give you another glass o' whiskey."

"Then, Barney, you must take my place on the jury."

"To be sure I will."

"Well thin, gintlemen, as we were all spectathors of this bloody business, we may as well, at wanst, return a verdict against Barney."

"Not wilful murder agin me, any how, either in joke or airnest."

"No; but here's the verdict: *we find that Misther Casey died by the visitation of Barney Bradley*."

"A choice good one," replied Barney. "Here, waither, bring in a naggin of burnt whiskey for Misther Casey.—That's what'll set him to rights. Here, boys, let us bring him near the windy, an' rise him up a little. Come, Misther Casey, blood alive, Sir, don't be a woman. Pluck up spirit; here's a naggin o' burnt whiskey, to make all square. Bedad, Sir, you have nothin' else than the pattern of a ginteel face this minute."

Coroner—"Where's the whiskey, in the first place?"

"Here, Sir; here it is. Never nip it; take it at a bite, an' you may dance Shawn Buie in five minutes."

"Yes, it will do me good. Gintlemen of the jury, what has happened to me? Was there anything illaygal in this business?"

"Sorra haporth, Mister Casey, barrin' that Barney Bradley tuck a few ounces af blood out o' you."

"Yes, yes, I remember. Barney, in the mane time, confound you and your flaybottomry, you have almost bled me to death, you infernal quack."

It was impossible to resist the ridiculous appearance of the coroner, whose face, being at best ruddy upon a sallow ground, now bore a strong resemblance to green linen, if we except his nose, which was of a pale dead blue, like the end of a burned brick. The laughter in fact could not be suppressed, nor could the coroner, after surveying himself in a three-cornered broken looking-glass that hung against the wall, avoid joining in the mirth, although at his own expense.

This was Barney Bradley's first inquest, or, as was termed by his neighbours, his first resurrection. He was, however, the subject of three inquests, every one of which he survived, and in every one of which the coroners suffered either by "flaybottomry" or a sound drubbing

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